

Good Morning 660

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Dream Home Talk for E.R.A. Irvin Priestley

THERE were plans afoot when "Good Morning" called at the home of a 19-year-old girl with burnished golden hair, E.R.A. Irvin Priestley.

The house was 24 Salisbury Street, Blyth, Northumberland, and the girl was your fiancée, Miss Doris Manners.

We had walked right in on a discussion about a dream home—the home she's going to make for you when the day arrives on which all dreams come true.

She was holding a council of war with her married sister when we dropped in with our camera.

It appears that while you've been sailing the Seven Seas Doris has been discovering

from her married sister the mysteries of running a home for two.

Now she's got the home all planned in her mind's eye, and despite the Official Secrets Act, we'll give you a spot of inside information. She wants a modern home, not too ambitious to begin with. She knows just the sort of curtains she wants... and in no time there'll be roses round the door.

By the way, if she hasn't already told you, she's due to be called up any day. She wanted to follow the call of the sea, too, but the recruiting lists for the W.R.N.S. are apparently closed now. So she will put her name down for work in a munitions factory.

This Bridge Now Free

ANYONE know Burrow Bridge on the Glastonbury-Taunton road, Somerset? Maybe some of you have paid your coppers at the toll-gate in order to pass over the bridge with the River Parret flowing below. You won't have to any more. It is now a free-for-all bridge.

Built just 130 years ago at a cost of £3,000, it has earned £70,000 for its owners. A good deal of this has gone in upkeep of the bridge since 1815, but a tidy little sum has helped to pay somebody's income tax.

Toll-bridges and toll-gates were the bane of travel through

the British countryside in the last century. Coaches going along the main roads had to pull up every few miles to pay ransom to the toll-gate keeper, and by all accounts these men were a sullen, bad-tempered lot. Arguments between them and coach drivers were always breaking out, and the arguments frequently led to blows.

If you were on horseback, and in hurry, you might take a chance and jump the gate—like Dick Turpin did on his famous ride—but it wasn't often practicable.

Almost all the toll-gates have disappeared. They were set up by persons or local councils responsible for the upkeep of the roads, so that they might be reimbursed for their outlay. But often they became a very paying proposition.

In the end, many of the proprietors were bought out by the Government, who freed the road and put the expenses of road upkeep on the common taxes.

There are still 120 toll-bridges in England and Wales (curiously enough, there are none in Scotland), but they will gradually be made free.

D. N. K. B.

We Must Wake Up Turf's Van Winkles

WHEN the would-be improvers of our race-courses met at the Jolly Roger to resume their discussion, they had to admit that it would be easier to name the winners of five future Derbys in succession than to forecast what the state of the country's finances would be within two or three years of the finish of hostilities.

"I think the best plan would be," said the Guv'nor, "to assume that the wishful thinkers are right, and to say just for the purposes of our discussion, that we shall, somehow or other, find our feet and gain a new lease of life for the nation. In that event we can suggest what ought to be done by some of the Rip Van Winkles who control many of our courses."

"Perhaps it is not too much to hope that one or two of them may have gone to their happy hunting grounds during the long interval, and with their places being taken by younger men," said Bernard, "the need for improvements should be apparent."

"The trouble is that one can still find people who are not only satisfied with the little out-of-the-way courses where they carry on as they did perhaps a hundred years ago, but they resent any suggestion of alterations."

"I think we can leave these

people to their own ideas," said Paddy. "They wouldn't make much difference either way, and I don't think we need bother about a few of the little out-of-the-way courses. The most important events, which attract the largest crowds, should be run on much better lines than they are, and they can well afford to spend some of the profits. By 'they' I mean the race-course owners, whether they are private persons or companies!"

"Suppose we acknowledge that the Jockey Club cannot compel race-course owners to provide all the things we agree are desirable, that is no reason why the Jockey Club does not set a good example by putting its own house in order. After all, our so-called headquarters of racing, Newmarket, is owned by the Jockey Club."

"True, the racing by itself leaves very little to be desired, but the ordinary race-goer can be just as much in the dark at Newmarket as elsewhere. It would be much easier to bring pressure to bear on the old-fashioned companies if the Jockey Club started the ball rolling by introducing the innovations at Newmarket."

"That sounds like horse sense to me," said the Guv'nor. "The first thing I should like to see would be the installation of the camera to photograph close finishes. After that, I should name the broadcasting by loud-speakers of all the information that is so difficult for people in the distant parts of the course to discover. Information about runners and jockeys, any change of colours, weights, and so on. The antiquated number board cannot be seen by one in ten, or more likely, one in a hundred."

"They could borrow some ideas from the greyhound racing people," said Bernard, "though the very thought of it may make some of the old die-hards squirm. The success of greyhound racing is very largely due to the fact that it is so much cheaper, and, so far as the public is concerned, is much better value for money."

"I feel sure that it would have petered out in a very short time if the promoters had started off with no better scheme than to follow the way racing has been run. True, the greyhound people had horse-racing arrangements to go on, and to improve upon, and they had the advantage of knowing just what to avoid. But you have to admit that they did break fresh ground."

"I suppose what it really boils down to," said the Guv'nor, "is that the greyhound people set themselves out to cater for the public, whereas the horse-racing people have always catered for the owners, and have, to a great extent, ignored the people who pay at the turnstiles."

"As racing is now a profitable business it ought to be regarded as such and should be entirely re-organised to that end, but that is easier said than done. With the Park courses it would be comparatively easy, but how could you apply this to all the big open courses?"

"That, I'll agree, is the big snag," answered Bernard. "There has been more than enough encroachment on common rights in the last few years to suggest taking any more. I think most of the courses were originally open common land, and it was sheer robbery to erect any enclosures, but it has been done persistently, and, no doubt, will continue now that the Government has taken a hand in purloining public heaths and common land, and denying access to them by the public."

"Take Newmarket Heath, for instance. The Jockey Club does pretty well what it likes, but I have not yet heard it suggested that the whole of the land should be enclosed. If it had been, it would not surprise me."

"There is still one public-minded native of Newmarket who considers it his duty to remind the Jockey Club every so often that the public right of freedom of the common must be preserved."

"On race days, where the course crosses a road, on which far is laid, this upholder of common rights insists on driving a load of hay across the course. I once heard Lord Lonsdale, when he was acting as steward at the meeting, call this man a damned nuisance. Maybe he was right according to the way he looked at it, but so also was our public-spirited friend."

"I am sorry to see that this type is dying out, more's the pity."

W. H. MILLIER
AND HIS PALS
AT THE SIGN
OF THE
JOLLY ROGER

"Then again there is Epsom. That is open common land, or at least it was until the Grandstand Association cleverly engineered their Bill through Parliament, thus giving them rights to which they had no title. They had to wait for an old public-spirited citizen to die before they could get their Bill passed."

"This fine old Englishman was almost alone in denying them to usurp the right of the public to access to any part of the Downs at any time they wished. I used to admire his fighting spirit, and I take off my hat to his memory."

USELESS EUSTACE



"You'll find us a tough proposition! Bein' Commandos, we're 'ard-boiled already!"

"Still, he did outlive the man, who, if he could have had his way, would have changed the public for the very air they breathed when they attended a meeting at Epsom and didn't pay to enter one of the stands. The moment the Grandstand Association succeeded in getting its Bill through Parliament they let off great lumps of the Downs, our common land, mark you for car parks."

"I had a shock one year when I drove up and parked my car to find that the man who demanded ten shillings from me for allowing my car to stand there, was my local chimney sweep."

"When I asked him what the hell he had to do with it, he explained that the sites were put up for auction some time before the meeting and he had bid for some parking space as a side-line. I could tell you a lot more about Epsom, but that is enough to be going on with."

"I see the idea," said the Guv'nor. "The Grandstand Association wanted to provide better amenities for the racegoers, but could only do so if they were given powers that should not have been conceded to them. They provide certain so-called amenities at a price. Nice work, if you can get it, seems to be the best way to sum up that."

"Still, if those people who control racing on what is really public property, meaning common land, ask Parliament for powers to exclude the public, unless they pay, just because they have erected some buildings, I don't see how they can be refused in view of what has happened lately."

"Now that you and Bernard have cleared the air a bit, I can see that it is all a pretty tough problem," said Paddy. "Let's have a final round and leave the solution to our next meeting."



P.O. Ernest Swaby, Here's a Seaside Story

WITH the fresh salt winds sweeping along the street, we took a picture of a woman standing at the doorway of the little house that looks out to sea.

In her arms she held your seven-month-old Margaret Ann, Petty Officer Ernest Swaby, for the woman was your wife, Isabella, and the house down by the sea was your home, 13 Ridley Street, Blyth, Northumberland.

It's a game they play when you're sailing ships. From time to time your wife picks little Margaret Ann out of her cradle and takes her to the doorway to show her the sea on which Daddy lives. And

Margaret Ann goes and gurgles as though she understands.

All Margaret Ann's newest tricks are quite important—each in their own right. For they indicate the gradual process of growing up. Maybe you won't even recognise her when you come home again.

Her latest tricks are twisting and turning (and sometimes trying to eat) the strap which holds her firmly in her pram; playing with one shoe, then the other, and then both together; and more gurgling than a submarine in a crash dive.

We left all at No. 13 wishing you well, good hunting at sea, and a speedy return home.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first

to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Old Lady Had Too Many Boxes

EVER seen the angry placards that flame the query, When will the Bishops open Joanna Southcott's Box? They break out on the hoardings every five years, and they've kept their appointment for 1945.

What is this mysterious box? Who was Joanna Southcott? For the answer, let's go back to the year of the French Revolution, when Joanna, then a middle-aged woman, began to write down a series of prophecies in rhyme.

Since the days of Mother Shipton, prophesying has been a broad highway to fame, and it was no time before 100,000 people were hanging on Joanna's words. Then, ever a businesslike woman, she began the task of

Joanna Southcott achieved notoriety by writing 65 books of prophecy and locking the cream of these pre-views of heaven in a casket which must be opened in the presence of 24 Bishops—but alas the Bishops won't consent and a new Southcott box is always popping up from somewhere, says WEBSTER FAWCETT

"sealing the elect" in readiness for Paradise—and had sealed no fewer than 144,000 persons, many for a monetary consideration, when one of the "sealed" put a spoke in the wheel by getting himself hanged for murder!

Undismayed by this lack of foresight, Joanna continued her writing, and produced no fewer than 65 books in 22 years.

The climax of her career, however, came when, as an unmarried woman of 64, she announced that she was to give birth to "Shiloh."

A famous West End surgeon and three other practitioners examined her, and reported that she was indeed to be a mother. Her excited followers prepared a cradle covered with gold leaf and a splendid tassel of fine lace, and waited expectantly for the advent.

Alas, Joanna died, announcing that it had "all been delusion," and her "happy event" proved to be dropsy.

Far from this disconcerting her followers, her boxes kept interest alive.

A year before her death, when she left Worcester for London, as many as seven were piled into the stage-coach.

One was opened as long ago as 1840 by a gentleman named Foley, whose father had died, leaving a Southcott box and a missing fortune.

"The cash must be in the casket," said Mr. Foley, and the box was discreetly opened in the presence of witnesses. It contained nothing more than a mass of lunatic writings.

Then, in 1927, a scientist declared that he had a box which he intended to open. It was said at the time to be the box, and it had a good pedigree.

Turned over by Joanna herself while on her deathbed to her companion, Mrs. Rebecca Pengarth, it was handed down in turn to Mrs. Pengarth's son. On his deathbed he turned it over to his employer, with the formula, "Don't forget the bishops." The employer sent it to the scientist.

"I'm sure it's the original box," the donor asserted. "I used to be shown it as a child, as a reward for good behaviour."

Eighty bishops were invited to the opening, but only one complied. Before this, mediums had sat around the box in an attempt to divine its contents. Some proved to be very near the mark.

At the same time, X-ray cameras were turned on the box to probe its secrets. The finished photographs clearly revealed an old-fashioned pistol, which, it was feared, would go off like a booby trap into the face of the first man to open the casket.

Then, at the Hoare Memorial



Hall, Westminster, the lid was lifted. The pistol lay harmlessly beside a dice box, a pair of ear-rings, some ancient novels, a lottery ticket, a bead purse, and other rubbish.

The scientist imagined he had killed the Southcott myth for a hundred years, but before long another box was being boosted. It weighs 156 lbs., is corded and nailed with copper nails, and is contained in an outer box.

Yet it has never been photographed.

To double the puzzle, there are two Southcottian associations. One, with headquarters at Blockley, are the custodians of a box.

The other, proclaiming that they intend to make a sacred city of Bedford, have a good pedigree, but apparently no box. Yet it is they who are always asking for the box to be opened, though they cannot produce it.

All the same, they insist on 24 bishops being gathered together to open the box, with the extra condition that the 24 must study Joanna's works for three days beforehand.

The Blockley sect refuse to tell where they keep their box, but they require no bishops at the opening, and will be content if 24 clergymen meet 24 Southcottians.

On one occasion, a would-be box-stealer burglariously forced an entry into the home of a Southcottian and seized a box. Being discovered, and severely reprimanded, she learned that the box in her arms was not the great box at all.

Then an American judge who became interested crossed the Atlantic as many as seven times in fruitless quests to discover the whereabouts of the true box. He gave it up in despair!

QUIZ for today

1. Orana is a kind of oil, coarse linen, marble chips, compressed sugar-canes?

2. What is wrong with this statement? The "Marie Celeste" was lost with all hands.

3. In what country is the chuckrum a current coin?

4. Alexander Pushkin was a French clown, Russian poet, American comedian, Swiss pianist?

5. What is the difference between the mass and the weight of a body?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Peter, Matthew, Mark, Thomas, James, John, Lebbeaus.

Answers to Quiz in No. 659

1. Typewriter roller.
2. (a) 1933, (b) 1944.
3. The bell which strikes the hours in the Westminster Clock, so called because it was ordered by Sir Benjamin Hall, First Commissioner of Works in 1856.
4. Ten.
5. Five-shilling piece.
6. Violet is not yellow; others are.

Half Wedded for 3s. 6d.

"June 10, 1729.—John Nelson, of ye parish of St. George, Hanover, bachelor and gardener, and Mary Barnes of ye same, spinster, married. Certificate 5 November 1727, to please their parents."

"Mr. Comyns gave me half-a-guinea to find a bridegroom, and defray all expenses. Parson 2s. 6d., Husband ditto and 5s. 6d. myself." (The records show that one obliging gentleman allowed himself to be married four times under different names, always receiving five shillings "for his trouble.")

"A coachman came, and was half-married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off."

It must not be supposed, however, that the hymeneal market was supported solely by needy fortune-hunters, ladies troubled with duns, or conscienceless profligates.

All classes flocked to the Fleet to marry in haste, and the aforesaid "half-married" coachman shares a page in the registry with one Edward, Lord Abergavenny, a Marquis of Anandale, and a Duke of Manchester.

Only for a time was the Fleet able to command a monopoly in the marriage business. In 1730 a "chapel" was built in Mayfair, where a Rev. Mr. Alexander Keith conducted what can only be described as a roaring trade in unlicensed marriages, while later in the century the Chapel of the Savoy, under the quite immoral direction of one Rev. John Wilkinson, became a fashionable marriage resort.

He advertised in the Press that marriages would be performed "with the utmost privacy, decency and regularity," and that there were "five private ways by land to this chapel and two by water."

In the year 1775 this rogue married no less than 1,190 couples. He eventually died aboard a convict ship en route for a penal transportation colony.

All this sounds as if trade in marriages was always brisk. On the contrary, so poor was business at times that it was no unusual thing for ladies to be decoyed into the Fleet taverns and married to the nearest vagabond on whom hands could be laid.

Nor ladies only. In 1737, one Richard Leaver, being tried for bigamy, declared that he knew nothing of the woman claiming to be his wife, except that one night he got drunk and "next morning found myself abed with a strange woman," who assured him that they had been married at the Fleet the previous night.

Dennis Yates

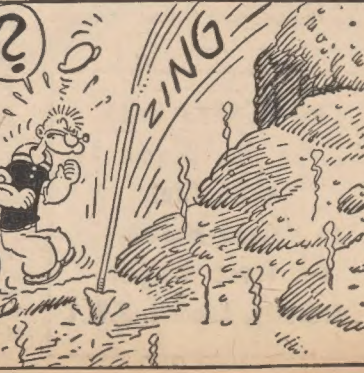
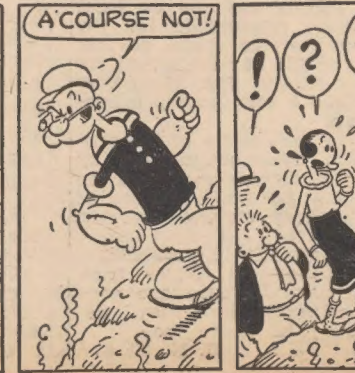
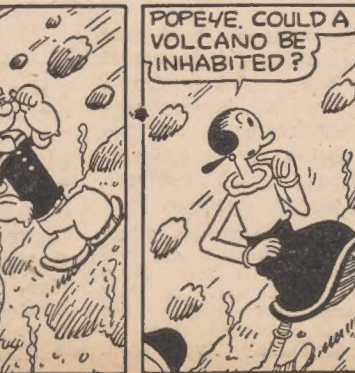
PEELZEBUR JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 599

1. Behead a vehicle and get some cunning.
2. Add the same letter twice to a meadow, shuffle the result, and get a fruit.
3. What two poe's have R for the exact middle of their names?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: When playing a game of cards, do you prefer to — or —?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 598

1. S—top.
2. VIOL—IN.
3. RIGMAROLE.
4. Seal, sale.

JANE

The Pig Charged With Murder

"YOUR worships, in this case I ask for the extreme penalty to be exacted from the prisoner against whom the evidence is so clear that she was, indeed, guilty of this terrible crime..."

Counsel for the prosecution had his way. The sow was found guilty, and condemned to death, by the court and suffered execution. Her six piglets, though it seemed clear that they had shared in the killing of the child, were acquitted as having been set a bad example by their mother, on account of their youth, and because there was no direct evidence of their guilt.

It all happened at Lavegny, France, in 1457. But even as late as 1740 animals were tried in French courts, with full pomp and ceremony, and punished for their supposed crimes. In most cases the

death sentence was imposed by the judges.

Though the prisoners were unable to speak, advocates were appointed to defend them when they came up for trial—and often did their job well. They used all the tricks of the legal profession to get their clients off, or to postpone judgment or the carrying out of the sentence, if their guilt was proved.

While the ordinary courts of justice dealt with domestic animals or farm live-stock charged with offences, the church courts were used to bring to trial wild animals and insects. Apparently they relied more on the power of excommunication than on the death sentence to punish the guilty.

Rats, locusts, caterpillars, gnats and many other kinds of wild life were at one time or another put on trial. It

was not always possible to bring the delinquents into the court itself, and in such case, after being summoned to appear three times and failing to do so, they were excommunicated or exorcised in their absence.

The courts were loath to pronounce sentence without every effort being made to give the guilty a chance to mend their ways, for it was found that very often the creatures neglected to pay any attention to the stern punishment imposed on them in their absence. Indeed, it sometimes seemed that they grew worse in their offences.

A law-suit between inhabitants of St. Julien, France, and some insects which gave a good deal of annoyance, lasted more than forty-two years.

There is no record of how it ended, but it can be safely

assumed that between the lawyers and the priests and the loss caused by the insects to the farm crops, the people of St. Julien were fleeced pretty badly and wished they had never begun the business.

Perhaps the most famous animal trial was when the people of Autun, France, sued the rats of the district for the harm they did.

The court instructed the priests of every parish to inform every rat under his jurisdiction to appear in court on a certain day. When they did not arrive—not even one of them—the counsel for the defence claimed that it was common law that defendants who had to appear at court must be protected from any who might harm them on the way.

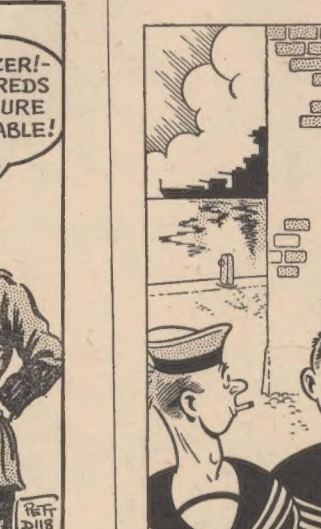
Not only were his clients, he

in the streets they would have to pass through because of cats, but were forced to cower in their very holes for fear—in spite of their ardent desire to fulfill the court's order.

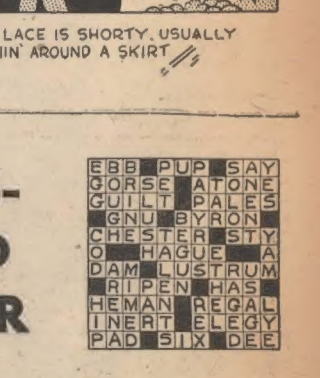
After solemn consultation, the judges agreed that there was justice in this objection, and straightway ordered that unless the people of Autun agreed to enter into an agreement to pay heavy penalties should one of their cats molest the rats, the case must fall through.

Incidentally, St. Bernard, bothered by a blue-bottle which kept on buzzing in his ear, said peevishly "Be thou excommunicated." And unwittingly destroyed the flies in the whole neighbourhood. At least, that's what they say.

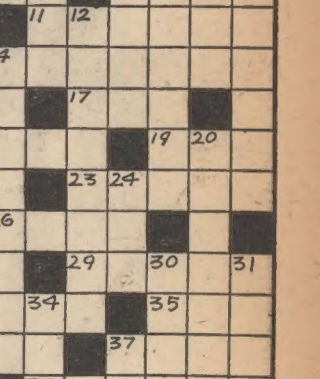
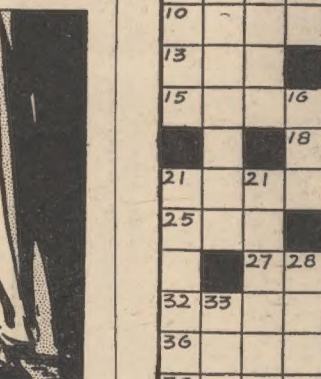
D.N.K.B.



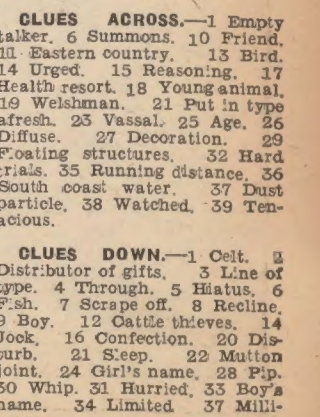
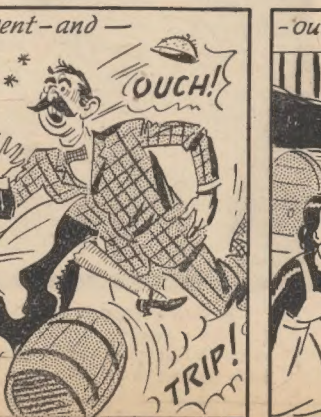
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

EBB PUP SAY
GORSE ATONE
GUILT PALES
GNU BYRON
CHESTER STY
O HAGUE A
DAM LUSTRUM
RIPEN HAS
HEMAN REGAL
INERT ELEGY
PAD SIX DEE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11	12			
13				14				
15			16		17			
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32	33			34		35		
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38				39				

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Empty talker, 6 Summons, 10 Friend, 11 Eastern country, 13 Bird, 14 Urged, 15 Reasoning, 17 Health resort, 18 Young animal, 19 Welshman, 21 Put in type afresh, 23 Vassal, 25 Age, 26 Diffuse, 27 Decoration, 29 Floating structures, 32 Hard trials, 35 Running distance, 36 South coast water, 37 Dust particle, 38 Watched, 39 Tenuous.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Celt, 2 Distributor of gifts, 3 Line of type, 4 Through, 5 Hiatus, 6 F'sh, 7 Scrape off, 8 Recline, 9 Boy, 12 Cattle thieves, 14 Jock, 16 Confection, 20 Disturb, 21 Sleep, 22 Mutton joint, 24 Girl's name, 28 Pip, 30 Whip, 31 Hurried, 33 Boy's name, 34 Limited, 37 Milligram.

Good Morning

WELSH WALES. This particular piece of the Land of Our Fathers is near Dolgelley. The photograph was taken from the Precipice Walk, and shows the Cadre Idris in the background. This is calculated to rouse the sleepest man of Harlech from his slumbers.



OUR OBSTINATE CAMERAMAN

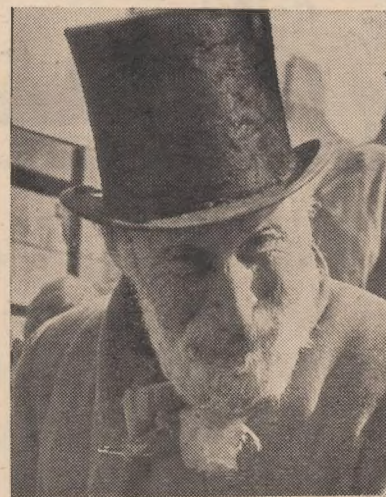
"Spring in the air," we said. "There's Spring in the air, we felt it when we went to bed this morning. Now, go out and take a photograph of that! That's what our readers want to see." And this is what he came back with! And when we looked at it, we had to agree with him that it was exactly what our readers want to see.



"C'mon, you; haven't you heard of the St. Bernard dogs that run through the snow with a barrel of brandy for travellers in distress? All I'm asking you to do is to take a couple of bottles of stout home to the old man—he's collapsed."



"To come into a lady's bedroom without knocking is bad enough, Mr. Grogblossom, but when you claim that you want to wash your hands and would like to use my bathroom, you overstep yourself, Sir."



The top hat is still worn by the old school of Irish farmer. In fact, it is the only thing many of them still raise!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He tried to train me once to fetch his Guinness"

